

Thunder Stick

THE JOURNAL OF VANCOUVER M.E.N.



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Mythology and archetypal psychology are just two of the common themes in this issue's book review section.	

Many thanks to all those who offered kind feedback regarding our first issue. Many of your ideas have been incorporated into this, the second issue, and we will continue to welcome your support.

Thanks again,

The staff of *Thunder Stick*

Cover illustration: Gamal Moustafa, using an Australian Aboriginal Thunder Stick theme.

Thunder Stick

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 2
Fall, 1991

Thunder Stick is a publication of the Vancouver Men's Evolvement Network (M.E.N.). Further information is available by calling (604) 290-9988. This number will provide updated event news and the opportunity to direct a message to any aspect of Vancouver M.E.N. Please direct mail to: 3392 West 34th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C. V6N 2K6

The views expressed in the letters, articles and advertising of *Thunder Stick* are not necessarily those of *Thunder Stick* or Vancouver

M.E.N. We hope that this newsletter will stimulate thought, provoke discussion and further the development of a positive male mode of being. We welcome your ideas in either article or letter form and will publish them as space permits. We reserve the right to edit letters and articles submitted.

Vancouver M.E.N. would appreciate any information our readers can supply regarding men's groups and contacts in other Canadian cities.

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About Vancouver M.E.N.

Vancouver M.E.N. is a network of volunteers. Our goal is to provide information and services for men's activities in the lower mainland of British Columbia. We believe that at this time in our culture there is a profound need for men to rediscover the roots of masculinity as a positive force in our families and communities. We are dedicated to making available the experience of learning and being in community with other men. We have found drumming, storytelling, poetry, ritual, dance, shared work and the study of mythology to be effective tools to bring men into community. This creation of community enables men to delve into the deeper issues that exist for men today.

We do not seek to compete with other men's organizations and activities. Rather, we want to support any event or activity that contributes to the psychological, emotional and spiritual growth of men. We want to be able to direct men to services and events specifically targeted for men.

We organize workshops with leading figures in mytho-poetic men's work, such as Robert Bly, Michael Meade, James Hillman and Robert Moore.

We also organize workshops on relevant themes run by men in BC who donate their time and

expertise so that we can offer these at a very low cost.

We facilitate the creation of small, self-managing men's groups. These are groups of 5 to 10 men who meet regularly to support and challenge each other in leading fully conscious lives. Men's groups are a safe haven to explore the doubts, fears and failures we "normally" keep buried in ourselves, and they provide a place for joyful camaraderie free of competition. On-going men's groups are the most important vehicle we have for healing the isolation men feel and for helping us discover a grounded sense of the mature masculine.

We maintain a centralized directory of men in the lower mainland who want to be in a men's group. When we get 6 - 8 men from the same area we mail a letter to each of them with a list of the others and encourage them to start meeting. We offer each group the Handbook for Starting a Men's Group, free of charge. Call us if you'd like to explore being in a men's group or would like a copy of the Handbook.

We publish a *Directory of Men's Services* in the Lower Mainland. This is distributed free of charge and available at the usual outlets. Contact us if you offer a service or have expertise of specific interest to men and want to be listed in the directory.

If you want to be on our mailing list, write to us or call and leave your name, address, postal code and phone number.



To the Editors

Just yesterday I saw the premiere edition of *Thunder Stick*. I like it a lot, particularly Terry Keenhan's piece. If you're open to putting people from south of the border on your mailing list, count me in.

Thanks!

Bert Bokern, Seattle

I am absolutely thrilled with this first issue of *Thunder Stick*! The articles are informative, pithy and relevant and the lay-out/format is eye-catching and fluid. The journal answers the call for a unifying supportive vehicle for men's work and men's issues.

I intend to save this and all subsequent issues of *Thunder Stick* as a sort of chronicle for my/our evolution. Keep up the high quality work and much future success to you all!

Larry Marko,
White Rock, BC

To the Editors (Continued)

Congratulations on the first issue of a much-needed journal for men, but may I ask about the name you have chosen for it? The last thing the men's movement stands for, surely, is a retrenchment of patriarchal privilege in the wake of the women's movement (or the environmental movement, or the First Nations movement), and yet when I mentioned the name of the magazine to some friends this past weekend, it was greeted with snickers and groans at the thought of a frightened gang of discredited male chauvinists struggling to re-erect the phallus for one last rally-round.

Two of these friends are anthropologists and neither could think of an aboriginal culture in which 'thunder stick' stands for an object or a ritual which embodies an appropriate male response to the universe. What everyone could think of, of course, was the rifle — that amazing piece of technology that enabled men from the tamed east to ride into the 'wild' west and with a boom! and a flash! cause its inhabitants to drop like stones. This was thunder and lightning and death at a distance, the stuff of gods, not men, and we all know the sorry legacy of a cowboy tradition in which the Indian quivered at the knowledge that white man have him heap big thunderstick.

Robert Bly makes a crucial distinction between warrior and

Editorial

Thunder stick n: Bull Roarer: a slat of wood tied to the end of a thong, usually made of leather, which makes an intermittent roaring sound when whirled about. It is used especially by Australian Aborigines in religious rites (Webster's 3rd International Dictionary).

The thunder stick has a rich heritage as a male symbol of initiation. It is used to initiate young men into their masculinity, and as a message carrier to call men together. It is also used ceremonially by the Hopi Indians and the Bororo Indians of Brazil.

Amongst Australian Aborigines the thunder stick is an integral part of the ritual of bringing the news to neighbouring tribes that the male initiation ceremonies are about to begin. The night before the ceremony, the older men hide in the bushes and swing the thunder stick to announce the commencement of the rituals. This announces the beginning of that period in a young man's life when his social status undergoes a complete change; it is the introduction to the series of initiation ceremonies which will ultimately qualify him for acceptance into the inner circle of men who have a voice in the control of tribal affairs.

The Hopi, who call their thunder stick a *tovokinpi* or rolling thunder, use it during the ceremonies to bring rain for the final maturity of the crops, and during the summer solstice and Home Dance ceremonies. For the Bororo Indians of Brazil, the thunder stick is a symbol of life and death and is used during the initiation of young boys. For the young boys the final mystery is to see the thunder stick. At that moment it signifies that they are sexually ready to take wives.

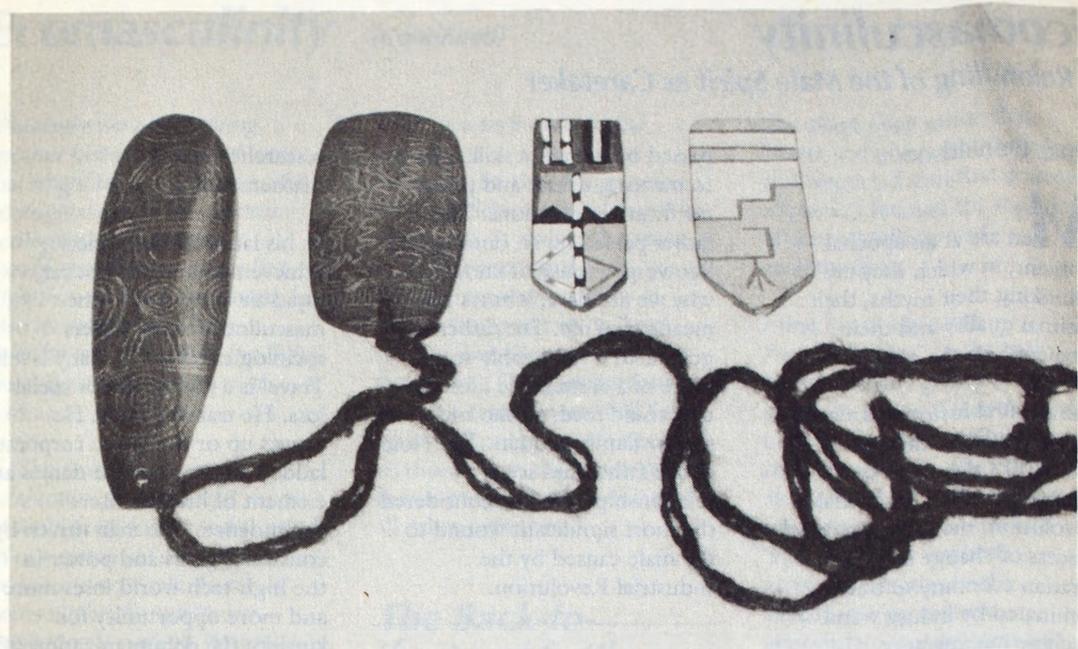
Vancouver M.E.N. promote this magazine as a vehicle to provide information and services to men to aid in their re-discovery of the roots of masculinity as a positive force in our families and communities. As a magazine concerned with men's issues, we chose this name because it represents a sacred ceremonial symbol used in the initiation of men and a messenger calling men together. ■

the soldier. Getting in touch with the warrior means getting (back) in touch with the fierceness and strength men need in order to fight back against the bullshit that leads to battered women, battered forests, battered soul. Getting in touch with the soldier means (still) getting a bit of a hard-on

every time Norman Schwartzkopf comes on TV.

I know where Vancouver M.E.N. stand on this issue, but does the name of the journal make it clear? Please explain.

Graham Dowden,
Mission, BC



These thundersticks are from the UBC Museum of Anthropology collection, Catalogue No.'s C1617, C1742, NH156 & NH155. The two on the left are Australian, and on the right, Hopi.

Warrior and Healing

Terry Keenhan

I recently read an opinion by Sam Keen that we overuse the warrior. I used my warrior until both he and I were worn out. But I feel, from my experience, that the warrior has a very valuable place while we are hurting and lack resources. I have had some recent experiences that have led to questioning of the warrior's role.

At a men's conference eighteen months ago Robert Bly asked us to close our eyes and try to remember who we loved when we were twelve years of age. I

was so embarrassed by the answer I got that I did not reveal it. It was not a person, it was my dog, Sandy. At that moment I could not attach that feeling to anyone else, including my parents. The shame was followed by painful memories. I recalled how much love I had invested in Sandy and how little in my parents. I realized how unconnected I was to them on a positive level. I recalled my mother's pain and my father's lostness and how these things had overwhelmed me, how helpless and hopeless I had felt in those days. Because of their own problems they either did not have much love for me or could not show it. My

love for them had seemed to fall at their feet, unused. I was an only child and had no close friends due to constant changes in residence up to age ten.

That was okay once I had Sandy because I knew he felt the same as I did about him. The emotions I valued, I invested in him. Sandy went everywhere I did. If the neighbours saw either one of us round a corner they knew the other was right behind. In those days a boy could wander around the neighbourhood with his dog

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Ecomasculinity

A Rekindling of the Male Spirit as Caretaker

James Donaldson

Men are at an epochal moment, in which they are rethinking their myths, their spiritual quality and their behaviour on the planet.

The cultural historian's view is that masculinity changed in the late 1800's alongside the emergence of the Industrial Revolution, the great historical process of change from an agrarian economy to one dominated by industry and machine manufacture.

The Industrial Revolution's first set of changes affected men's friendships. Male labor moved from the agrarian farm sites into cities and factories. Families migrated to the new cities where they were cut off from the kindship/friendship networks of their rural villages where they lived more human scale lives. In the new industrial world, men competed directly with other men for work, wages and worth. Men no longer shared a common fate with village kin and friends. In the new climate of competition, intimate friendships began to give way to the more superficial ties of modern workingmen.

Another loss of social arrangements was the "loss of the father and son relationship," typified in the agrarian past as a day to day contact between father and son. The father

passed on a craft, a skill, a land to nurture, a farm and preserve for future generations. The father passed on an ontological knowing, a sense of knowing why we are here, what is the meaning of life. The father also generated a reasonably secure sense of a sustainable lifestyle that could feed, clothe and shelter family and kin. The "loss of the father and son relationship" is often considered the most significant wound to the male caused by the Industrial Revolution.

"Many men are rejecting the traditional male framework and searching for a new definition of masculinity."

The sharp pressures of the Industrial Revolution resulted in stresses and losses in the masculine role, especially as they shifted into the high-tech organizational period known as the post-industrial society (1945-present). This term refers to the change from "a goods-producing to a service economy, the pre-eminence of the professional and technical class."

The masculine personality confronted by the post-industrial revolution seeks his place of fame, superiority and stardom in its power servants —

researcher, scientist, mathematician.

In his latest technological achievements — his fast car, rapid air transport — the masculine identity suffers sociological crises at many levels. Travel is a metaphor for social loss. He transfers jobs. He moves up or down the corporate ladder. Impermanence denies an element of human interdependence. The man driven by consumer goals and power in the high-tech world loses more and more opportunity for kinship; the dehumanization of that experience is another major sociological threat on the masculine spirit — nobody knows him. Slowly, he loses his sense of personhood in his rootless life and becomes the final achievement of industrialism and modern psychology — the career personality.

It is a bit of historical irony that the promise of a powerful personality should end with the tragic sacrifice of the masculine personal identity.

Thomas Berry, author of *The Dream of the Earth*, writes a compelling account of the magnitude of the paradigm shift that confronts western humanity; moving from the inadequate idea of "progressive industrialism" to the "ecological paradigm":

Continued next page

Ecomasculinity

(Continued)

"Presently we are entering another historical period, one that might be designated as the ecological age. I use the term ecological in its primary meaning as the relation of an organism to its environment, but also as indication of the interdependence of all the living and nonliving systems of the earth..."

...[The task] is not simply adaptation to a reduced supply of fuels or to some modification in our system of social or economic controls. Nor is it some slight change in our educational system. What is happening is something of a far greater magnitude. It is a radical change in our mode of consciousness. Our challenge is to create a new language, even a new sense of what it is to be human."

It is precisely in this context that the socialization role of the female and the male need reconstruction and reframing.

According to Aldo Leopold, co-founder of The Wilderness Society, "the role of the human species should be that of a member, citizen and protector of nature - not its conquerer."

In the post-modern world view the ecological or organic view of nature becomes fundamental. Instead of mechanism and substance we think more of relations.

There is a new ontological imperative — a lifestyle of modesty and the human scale values of Schumacher (*Small is Beautiful*). It revives the sense of intergenerational and interspecies responsibility to ensure that posterity will not suffer a loss of opportunity for the future. The post-patriarchal male is a transformational figure who prefers a sense of organic relationship to the planet rather than a progressive subduing of all other organisms.

The Back-to-the-Land Settlers

Presently, the proof of the ecomasculine spirit is found in marginal places in our society — mostly rural landscapes.

Beginning with the late 1960's and early 1970's the "back to the land movement" heralded the possibility of the ecomasculine and ecofeminist spirits. Their "land-centred voices" are now becoming important voices for the changes our species must make in order to forge a viable future and a sense of open-eyed hope in our young humans.

I lived with these back to the land settlers as they created a new sensibility about living with nature. First and foremost they had "a special place." At the centre of their world view was "a particular place." They had chosen a place and focused their lives around it. They had buried

that place deep inside their hearts and given that place love and respect. From that concept of place, I learned the meaning of ecomasculinity and ecofemininity.

I first heard the term "ecofemininity" in the early 1970's when a group of women began to define themselves out of their experiences protecting their watersheds. They lived alongside great polluted rivers on the east coast of the U.S. They began to establish alternative methods of sustainable agriculture, appropriate technologies and socially active lives to prevent pesticide or nuclear contamination of their watersheds.

But I came to know the meaning of the emerging "ecomasculinity" among the ecologically aware young men who had come to the little valleys in North Central Washington. These young men had come to practice truth and to find the sacred connections of farming again. They were what Wendell Berry might refer to as the restoration of agricultural character to the world.

They came to a great fruit-producing area in Washington State — "the apple capital of the world." They authored principles of ecological agriculture and worked on practical books to restore

Continued next page

sustainable crops to their bioregion. They farmed with "alternative" methods which meant more than lowered inputs of fertilizer and pesticides, emphasizing management and taking advantage of biological relationships that naturally occur on one's farm. They created examples of biocultural methods of crop rotations and integrated pest management and genetic improvement of crops to resist pests and disease. Histories of climate and records of yield were kept. They risked planting new varieties and brought new and more sustainable cultivars to the region. Many long and hard days were spent in patient struggle to create principles and practices of sustainable farming.

They started the movement for the first nuclear-free zones in their county politics and began to stop the "silent springs" in rural America and the nearby forest lands (fighting off the pesticides, fungicides and herbicides). When the rural waste developers came with their proposals for hazardous waste dumps the young farmers drove them out. They gave leadership to preserve peace with the environment — created safe places for the children and the wilderness. The author began to see a man who was becoming a nurturer with the children and the land. The author saw a new fathering born from thinking of fatherhood as nurturance and caring more than paternity.

Alongside these events I noticed a men's movement, growing slowly and informally. At farmer's markets, barter fairs and environmental fundraisers one would see "the latest little article" talking about men's lives and how their spirits could become enhanced through nurturing and caring.

Over a period of 20 years I witnessed the growth and awareness of the ecological movements (especially the growth of the bioregional movement — the movement to "stand by place"), the feminist movement and a men's movement — in the midst of the growing environmental crisis. I saw men making home with the earth and giving a view of how we might become part of a living grove of trees and "dwell more poetically upon the earth."

I witnessed the creation of the historical process of ecomasculinity. These socialized actors, surveying their own historical prospects (with both the insights and limitations of anyone engaged in historical processes), were generating new ecological symbols expressing the meaning of their existence. They were attempting the ordering of a society based on ecological principles and practices.

In these little marginalized places I gained an open-eyed hope for a post-modern, post-industrialized and post-patriarchal male who would

construct a new socialization role for sons and daughters and propose an authentic and appropriate definition of masculinity — a man bordering, protecting and saluting the wilderness and the children; a man alongside the feminist spirits creating households of nurturing relationship with the earth. With the growing environmental crisis these were ecologically aware men who had, at the centre of their lives, their place and their people.

James Donaldson, Director of The Glorieta School for Sustainable Living and former consultant to the World Council of Churches on alternative lifestyles, recently submitted these ideas and descriptions, distilled from his thesis for a Masters Degree in Social Work, entitled "The Impact of Ecology on the Socialization of the Masculine Role." He is currently a Mental Health Professional at Okanogan County Family Counselling Services, and has a private practice in Omak, WA. Copies of his thesis may be obtained for \$25., the cost of xeroxing and mailing. Write to PO Box 3777, Omak WA 98841. Telephone: 509/826-1432.

This article first appeared in Columbiana. 

Summer, Salmon & Sweat



Dean Curtis,
Titans

Here is some good news about a shared vision, grass roots volunteer power, and what some men (including sportsmen and city dwellers) are doing for the planet.

"Summer, Salmon & Sweat" was an event organized by the Titans Men's Team, in cooperation with the Nicomekl Salmon Enhancement Society and the Fish & Wildlife Department.

On Saturday, July 6, 1991, about 60 men and a half dozen boys gathered at the headwaters of the Nicomekl River in Langley and spread 50-60 tons of gravel in the river bed. The river in this area is fed largely by artesian wells and has very pure, high quality water. There are stretches of the river that won't support salmon spawning

because of the lack of suitable gravel. The gravel is required for the adult salmon to lay their eggs in, as an incubation site for the eggs, as protection for the young salmon after they hatch, and as a habitat for aquatic insects upon which the young salmon feed.

Under the guidance of the Fish and Wildlife Department, the Nicomekl Salmon Enhancement Society — a volunteer organization, many of them fishermen — operates a small hatchery, monitors, protects and enhances the stream. The stream wanders through small acreages and the landowners are very cooperative.

On Saturday morning, we divided into three groups of about 20 men each, and using wheelbarrows, shovels, and recycled 5 gallon buckets spread gravel ranging from 2" to 10" in three separate sites. We also did some bank maintenance and bagged and moved a large pile of horse manure that was beginning to leach into the stream.

After lunch we all gathered at the final site and formed a

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bucket brigade. In a couple of hours we passed more than 15 tons of gravel through each man's hands on the way from the gravel pile to the stream bed. It is hard to put into words the experience of being part of a group of 65 men and boys working as a single organism. Hard work, sweat, high spirits and humour characterised the day.

By the time we had moved the last bucket of gravel we all knew that we had done a good day's work and were ready to give our bodies a rest and eat. We gathered for a salmon barbecue at the Semiahmoo Fish and Game Club Hatcher, which is

on a neighbouring river and also operated entirely by volunteers.

This was truly a cooperative community effort. The gravel was provided by a local gravel pit, shovels and buckets by individuals, local businesses and the Surrey Parks Board; money for equipment rental by Fish & Wildlife; food and drinks by local businesses; labour and organization by men and boys from all over the Vancouver area; and access to the river by four very cooperative landowners.

A man visiting from Ontario who came to the event with his brother in Vancouver had no idea that this kind of thing

happened. Joe Kambietz from Fish & Wildlife works with 19 different volunteer groups doing similar work in this area.

I heard dozens of statements from men who gladly gave their time and energy, appreciating the opportunity to participate in Summer, Salmon & Sweat. We are working together to give something back to the planet. 

Contact: Kelly Burnham
325-1062/986-5611.

Titans is:

Kelly Burnham, Dean Curtis, Jim Eagles, Chris Kutschera, Dan Malach, Michael Povey, Tony Sherman.

Conflict and Intimacy Among Men

Gervase Bushe

On April 19 & 20, 1991 Vancouver M.E.N. hosted a workshop on "Men and Intimacy." David Hyrcenko and David Haggert, two guys from Chilliwack who run personal growth groups, donated their time and talents to lead us through a series of experiences that were deeply appreciated by all who attended. I'm not going to report on the details of the workshop. Instead I'm writing about something I learned that I think is particularly about the masculine mode of relating. It

had to do with a conflict that I got into with another man and how all the human relations tricks I've learned over the years aren't worth shit when you have two proud men struggling to overcome decades of isolation and defenses.

During Saturday morning we did an exercise during which I "jokingly" insulted each man in the room. One man at the workshop I'll call John got upset. I called him a "hairdresser" and he associated this with being effeminate and not welcome in the company of men. In all truth, I did not find

John at all effeminate. It was his good looks combined with an excellent haircut that prompted the "hairdresser" dig. I felt no hesitation in sincerely telling him that I did not see him as effeminate and that, rather than exclude him, I was very attracted to him as a man.

Well, that wasn't good enough for John. He kept insisting that there was something else behind the comment and that I wasn't being honest and he couldn't trust me. We verbally danced back and forth. As it turned out,

Continued next page

Conflict and Intimacy (Continued)

John and I are both veterans of personal growth groups and know how to say the "right" things to resolve conflict. There was a controlled kind of hostility between us, a thick veneer of not losing one's cool, with a subtle psycho-babble kind of gamesmanship. In my heart I was examining whether there was anything else to my original "hairdresser" putdown and couldn't find anything. No matter what I said, John wasn't satisfied. I figured that John's strong emotional response to the comment indicated that this was his problem. After my attempts to get him to own the problem had failed. I gave up trying to "resolve" the conflict and was searching for a way to close it down in a tidy way. I wasn't feeling hurt or resentful. I was just ready to walk away.

How often have I just walked away? Hundreds, I'm sure. If John had approached me from a position of being hurt or wounded by my remark, I could have easily felt remorse and apologized. If he had turned to examine what in him was causing such a reaction I could have easily become his ally. But he didn't. He was angry, he was expressing his anger, and he wasn't going to turn inwards until he got something from me. I didn't know what he wanted and he couldn't articulate it. I sure as hell wasn't going to make up something so he could feel better.

Doesn't this seems like a common interaction between men? As one man put it, it was like watching steel against steel. Neither of us was going to be vulnerable and neither of us was going to "give in." So we could fight or we could walk away.

Walking away seems like the "civilized" thing to do, doesn't it? When I was a competitive, arrogant, argumentative 20-year-old, women fixed me up. They taught me how to fit in, keep up appearances, and walk away. I didn't notice, however, that I was losing my connection with men at the same time that I was "learning to be a better person."

John was given a couple of opportunities to walk away but he would not disown his anger and sense of betrayal. I felt stuck and said so. At this point, David Hyrcenko came over to me, touched me and asked me how I felt. As I looked inside I couldn't feel anything, just numb and stuck. He asked me what I wanted to do. The first thing that popped into my head was "Say I'm sorry." I started to censor this with thoughts that I had nothing to be sorry about but I caught myself and said, "The first thing that pops up is to apologize but I don't know what to apologize for." David said, "Go sit in front of John, hold his hands, and say that," which I did. As I looked into John's eyes I could see him wrestling with how to respond to me. I don't remember exactly

what we said but very quickly he was owning the part in himself that had reacted to my comment. I told him the real, positive feelings I had for him. He then said "I guess I've never had a relationship with a man who didn't put me down." As he said that some deep well of grief in me bubbled up. I felt grief for all the times I had been put down by men and for all the times I had put down men; frustrated that this cycle of emotional violence we men do to each other goes on and on. I put my face in my hands and cried. And he held me. And then the group circled us and held us both. And there followed much talking and many lessons shared.

It would have been very easy to walk away from John that day. It would have been easy to see it as his problem, and I could still argue that from a certain point of view, it was. But that day I learned that even when it's not my problem it's my problem. On that Saturday afternoon finding a bridge across the gulf that separates men was more important than "being right." If John hadn't been so "unreasonable" in his anger, so "uncompromising" in his stance and so willing to voice it, I would have lost the opportunity for a heartfelt connection with another man that I was attracted to. I would have simply reinforced the isolation between men and left with the smug,

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Events Calendar

For information, please call 290-9988.

ME Denotes sponsorship of Vancouver M.E.N.,
3392 West 34th Ave., Vancouver, B.C., V6N 2K6.
Unless otherwise noted, events are for men only.

ME *The Feeling of Myth: Mythology in an Age of Psychology*

An evening for men and women with *James Hillman*.
Friday September 27, 1991.
Hamber School Auditorium, 5025 Willow St., 8:00 pm.
Tickets \$15 from Banyen Sound, 2669 West Broadway.

ME *Myths and Bodies*

A weekend workshop for men and women with
James Hillman and *Debra McCall*.
Saturday September 28 (9:30 to 5:30) and
Sunday September 29 (9:30 to 4:00), 1991.
Graduate Student Centre, UBC.
Fee: \$200, limited enrollment. Send \$50 deposit to Vancouver M.E.N.

ME *The King and Queen in Psychology and Myth*

A public presentation for men and women with
Michael Meade and *Robert Moore*.
Friday November 15, 1991.
John Oliver Auditorium (41st and Fraser), 8:00 pm.
Fee: \$15 at Banyen Sound, 2669 West Broadway.

ME *Initiation and Imagination: Mythological and Psychological Approaches to Manhood*

A weekend workshop with *Michael Meade* and *Robert Moore*.
Saturday November 16, 1991 and
Sunday November 17, 1991.
UBC SUB Ballroom, 9:30 am.
Fee: \$200, send \$50 deposit to Vancouver M.E.N.

Myth, Mask and Movement

Led by *Lee Henderson* with *George Schwab*.
Saturday October 12, 1991 (10:00 to 5:00).
1730 Victoria Dr.
Fee: \$35-50 (sliding scale), call George for details (736-2956).

Ongoing Events

Men's Wisdom Council
Meets the second Tuesday of
every month, 2021 Columbia
St. (at 5th). Begins at 6:45 pm
with 20 minutes of drumming.
Fee: \$3 at the door.

Myths after Midnight

4 to 6 times a year to coincide
with important earth festivals:
Fall Equinox (Sept. 23),
Halloween (Oct. 31), Winter
Solstice (Dec. 21, 9:00 pm.).
Location: Justice Institute, 4180
W. 4th Ave. (in the gym).
Fee: \$5 at the door.

Regional Events

Exploring Masculine Ground

An evening for men and women
with Shepherd Bliss. Friday,
September 20, 1991.
David Lam Auditorium,
MacLaurin Bldg., University of
Victoria, 7:30 pm.
Fee: \$10 advance or \$12 at the
door. Call Graham (384-5652)
or David (479-4843) for details.

Exploring Masculine Ground

with Shepherd Bliss and Friends.
Saturday September 21, 1991.
9:30 to 5:00 pm, Ukrainian
Cultural Centre, Victoria.
Fee: \$75.
Call Graham (384-5652) or
David (479-4843) for details.

The National Men's Conference

October 18, 19, 20, 1991.
St. Paul's University, Ottawa.
Call 613-231-5138 for details.

Vancouver M.E.N. Bulletin Board

Men's Wisdom Council

We believe it is time for men of all ages to gather together to honour and respect each other's wisdom. We come together once a month to drum and to share our stories, lives, joys and pains. We ask that all those who come be willing to speak and listen from their hearts about both personal and social issues relevant to men today. Our Council is open, so we encourage men to share whatever is most pressing in their lives even if it seems inappropriate or off topic.

At times when someone may have doubts about what or how much to say, it is usually best to take the leap; boldness is rarely inappropriate. Often we are surprised at the humor, tears, wisdom or vision that comes forth from those participating. Those who participate regularly come to know that they each bring a piece of truth to the group, a piece essential in itself, but only a part of the whole. Please feel free to come and join us.

See Events Calendar for dates and time.

Guy Corneau

will be back in Vancouver in April.

For men:

Mother's and Sons — the War of Love
April 3-5.

For Couples: April 10-12.

Look for more information in early 1992.

Myths after Midnight

The time is ripe for men to reclaim the celebration of rituals of ages past. Those festivals of the changing of the seasons, the harvest and the honoring of the dead. We celebrate the Earth in all his/her beauty by weaving together old ritual with new ritual, old song with new and joy with sorrow. The drum is our pulse and heartbeat, the dance our bodies and our stories, poems, chants and songs our voice.

Through unabashed expression and wild abandonment we touch the very core of our being. What is a more sacred way to connect with ourselves, each other and the planet? Come and celebrate life itself with us. Feel free to bring instruments, stories, rituals etc. to share with us.

See Events Calendar
for Fall events.

Phone George for location:
736-2956.

Men's Feast Day

Is there a men's group who would be up for organizing a 1991 men's dinner, perhaps at a local restaurant with entertainment provided by ourselves (e.g., music, poetry, drama, whatever)? An event by men for men. Think about it, discuss it with your group, then phone Vancouver MEN at 290-9988 soon.

Do You Want To Help Men In Your Community Start Men's Groups?

We have begun to get requests from men all over BC who want to be in men's groups — and we can't help them!

We need to find men in regions of BC outside the lower mainland and Vancouver Island willing to help men in their region who want to be in self-managing groups to find each other. All they really need is a phone number they can call to be put on a list for the next group forming in your area.

All it takes is a little time and organization (and a computer helps too!). We will set you up and give you all the materials and support you need. We will even cover the costs!

Those who volunteer will find their names listed prominently in *Thunder Stick* and receive the gratitude of the men (and women) in their community.

Call or write to us now.
Vancouver MEN: 290-9988.

Men's Groups

Are there existing men's groups who would welcome new members? Perhaps your group needs some new energy or some men may have left? Discuss this possibility with your group and if it is of interest leave a message at Vancouver MEN: 290-9988.

Warrior and Healing

(Continued from page 5)

without worrying about details like leashes or traffic.

Sandy died in my arms one summer day. I can recall that hot day as if it was yesterday. The neighbour didn't know Sandy was sleeping in the shade under the back wheel. I heard Sandy's cries and watched stunned as he ran to me, dropping at my feet. I instinctively threw my arms around him. His back was broken. I am unable to describe the intensity of the horror I felt at that moment or the despair as his erratic, hurried breathing began to subside. I was overwhelmed. I beseeched him not to die. When he stopped breathing I let go and an emptiness swallowed me. Empty and lost. Childhood playmates had died in front of my eyes but never a part of me. Too painful, it was quickly, but not completely, replaced by anger. I began shouting at God. I ranted. In tears I ran down the street shouting, "No! No!".

When the tears stopped two days later I had changed. Trust was gone. God would not get the chance to do that to me again. I would make him pay. God, if he existed, could walk with someone else. Never would I invest so much love in someone else, never would I be hurt like that again. I felt endangered and could not survive such loss or pain again. The world was not a safe place. I could not allow myself to be vulnerable.

To protect this place I instinctively summoned and embraced the warrior. He could build walls and close off the world. The warrior also brought courage and strength. This incident was not the sole cause for this summons but it was the final wound which necessitated his presence. He also gave me a way to define myself in my parents world, to defend myself from further emotional neglect and abuse. Strength against strength, force against force.

My love for my parents became guarded and conditional and I began to build walls. Seemingly in sympathy, my body went almost overnight from soft and short to tall and skinny. I was six feet tall by age fifteen. My physical arena was sports. I could release my anger, my frustration. Competition was my game, beating those around me — being best. No space for those around me. I played against those who had abused me and became a key player on the teams I joined, such as pitcher on the baseball team and goalie in hockey, so I could beat them. The warrior brought me life — my own life, distinct from what others wanted for, or from, me.

This warrior found form in other arenas. The Protestant work ethic from my British heritage was particularly suited. Competition could be found in lots of places. It has never mystified me that the sports and business pages are situated

together in the papers. Most importantly the warrior allowed me to avoid my pain and anything painful about myself. I was no longer lost. I was ascending along with my culture, winning and achieving. This is what men did. I was good. Those losers chose their lot.

Even the love of those around me did not help me from the slow destruction. I had distanced love because it brought pain when removed. By my mid-thirties I was physically ill and my warrior could push no more. I had exhausted him in my attempt to never be vulnerable. I was a workaholic yet nothing held value. Pain and lostness had come anyway. Now they were omnipresent and there were no more options left.

I eventually admitted my vulnerability, sought help, and let the universe deal the next blow. No more ascension. No more competition. Survival like this was not worthwhile. The best word I can give this change is surrender. The dried up ground fell away and I was in descent. At the end of a five day water fast dictated by my collapsing body I experienced an incredible transformation in perception, a shift — what I consider a spiritual experience. All my troubles slipped away in a wave of joy, of being alive. A year later I had another experience where I felt a hard

Continued next page

Warrior and Healing (Continued)

wired heartfelt connectedness to everyone. These experiences occurred while I was getting in touch with my body and my nature — during descent. Not while trying to be anything, or do anything right, but while viewing what I had avoided, my darkness.

Descent was accelerated a year later when my mother died suddenly. My father had died earlier and I had no other family. I could not touch feelings. Still not able to really connect with my loved ones, I was now alone and lost — empty inside. Fortunately, two weeks later I attended a five day men's retreat where I found a place to grieve, to acknowledge my pain and loss — a place to descend into my body and accept the fortunes of life. A place to trust others and accept my darkness. They called it soul work.

I endorse whole heartedly the concept of soul work, of reconnecting with my heritage encased in my body through descent and looking at my dark side. I have recently encountered much of my shadow, the part of me hidden away because the ascending cultural me could not accept it. It was still there for me to accept. Its denial had made my warrior hard and uncompromising. Because I could not accept or love all of me I could not accept or love others.

I have begun to trust. What I didn't trust in others was there in me. For me love is not a four letter word while competition is. My warrior, or what he protects in me, is more emotionally integrated, more whole and less angry. The warrior is helping to define who I am instead of needlessly diminishing others. He is not needed as much and when he comes he is mostly constructive. He helps makes boundaries, not walls as before, and he gives me courage.

Could I have put aside the warrior before I was ready? Could I have admitted vulnerability before my danger was past? Looking back, the warrior created walls when I couldn't create boundaries and provided time for change to come from inside — for healing and the realization that the world is a safe place. The unsafe part of the world was inside me, the wounds from early childhood. I had to be able to confront my wounds before I could allow myself to be vulnerable.

I believe that it's necessary to heal that part of us that is wounded before we can consider giving up the warrior. What haunts me is the thought that a healthy warrior may be an invaluable ally in a world that needs a lot of healing. MIA

Conflict and Intimacy

(Continued from page 11)

hollow victory of "being right." Instead, I feel love for this man.

John came over to my house a few days after the workshop, read what I'd written and said, "Yeah, you know we've gotten so fucking good at smoothing over everything, there's nothing left to rub up against." It's a few months later now and I haven't seen John as much as I'd like to; two busy guys playing telephone tag. But there's rarely a week goes by when I don't think of him. Pretty amazing for just a few short hours and one "unreasonable" conflict.

I wonder if the next time I'm getting unreasonable anger from another man, or I feel unreasonable anger toward another man, will I be as willing as John was to keep putting it in my face? Will I be willing to express the small cravings, childish yearnings and petty slights that might lead to a real connection with another man? Or will I stay safe and contained, licking my wounds in isolation and telling myself to grow up and not care what others say or do? To walk away or not to walk away — that question has much deeper significance for me today. Before this workshop I don't think it was even a question. MIA

Carola Bied

For more information:
PC Seminars, 609-247-9211

Dad Showed Me

At five years my father took me, showed me the ancient warehouses
along the railroad track
Two foot square rough sawn wood beams holding up tired floors that
talk in a mariner's creaky voice
The dirty little industrial hardware stores full of old dust and stink in a
part of town where they don't advertise and only those that know, go,
where the best deals are.
Old men that know a thousand screw threads just by looking
Shelves that sag with bulging sacks of plumbing nipples remind me of
sex.
Faded girly centrefolds from long past, tacked up in grungy
washrooms
Barrels of ten inch nails and the only plastic is in your wallet
Zinc galvanized hasps for factory gates — the real heavy metal
They know you here, but never speak of it.
Instantly recognized by the way your eyes slide across a face
How your clothes hang off your body
It's a man thing, your pin-striped consultant wouldn't understand.
Half-price haircuts at union barber shops, Joe's garage calendars
Bald barbers that will only use scissors and won't cut your hair if they
don't like the look of you
At fishermen's wharf, a crab dinner that still fights back
Free if you can eat it all at one sitting
Paycheck poker was too cold a game for dad's Cossack blood
An earth shaman, dirt farmer planting in a depression 1930's spring
knowing it would be six months before he saw his 5 card hand.
Dad could look at auction junk, bid 5 cents/dollar and get it back.
A business gamble, breaking job lots like Christmas morning in a
Baghdad bazaar.
All the ostentatious boardrooms feel the same now
Designer deodorants, restaurants like eating out of Eaton's catalogue
I'll take back the dirty chaos of my father's industry
Rough men in heavy boots and oily overalls
The perfume of burning steel is my perfect scent.

John Martin

Brothers In Arms



Connecting the beliefs and
experience of being male.

This is a new, five day workshop for men with Jerry Glock and Mark Fraser, offering another unique opportunity to delve deeply into the issues facing men today. Designed for men who are interested in deepening their emotional response to the world, this is a highly experiential workshop in which a wide variety of approaches, including group process, bodywork, bioenergetics, active movement meditations, film, writing, poetry and mythology will be creatively woven together to offer you a truly insightful and exciting exploration into the evolving mysteries of masculine creativity. Come and experience the strength and connection of men gathering together. In this process you can stretch yourself beyond what you already know, find your "inner warrior" and investigate many new realms of experience.

Dates: Sept. 24-29, 1991, Mar.
1-6, Oct. 13-18, 1992.

Cost: \$625.00 (incl. room & board)

Location: Cowichan Lake
Education Centre, Lake Cowichan,
BC

For more information call: PD
Seminars, 604-247-9211.

Circling

And if with tender heart
I 'waken in a start
To that unfinished first love of my youth;

And if the moment I recall
Of pregnant hesitation
When two lips first knowing destination
Sent two souls resounding with the celebration
Of it all;

And if long-buried thoughts
Of fumblings fraught
With manhood knot
Upon faint stirrings deep within me;

And if those years of awkwardness, of incompletely passion, fears
Of independence manifest as tears
That flow from dreaming adolescent eyes;

It's that at thirty-five
I've come alive
To agony and bliss, the drive
Of longing to be met;
It's that I'm back full circle to my youth
And in this month of May
Feel that same surge of years away,
To stand now where I stood then,
Feeling incomplete, and tender, once again.

Neall Calvert

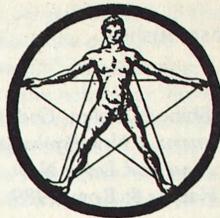
First published in *The Men's Journal*,
Winter 1985/86 Woodacre, California

Fathers and Sons

The relationship between a father and son plays a powerful role in shaping a man's life. Yet it is often one that is difficult to explore. A well-known psychotherapist looks at the roles of "father" and "son" and the men who fill them. Honour, contempt, shame, domination, violence, tenderness and generosity will be topics of inquiry in this fascinating lecture/discussion.

Date: Tuesday, November 26, 7:30 — 9:30 pm.
With Andrew Feldmar, reg. psych.
Cost: \$10 **Location:** Temple Shalom, 7190 Oak Street.
For registration and information, please call 266-2396.

Men: The Body and Energy



Becoming more deeply connected to the uniqueness of the masculine experience

This three day workshop with Jerry Glock and Mark Fraser is designed for men who wish to break through their traditional muscular armoring which constricts our ability to feel and relate effectively. Because men generally approach life as a challenge, we have created a workshop which is physically engaging and provides many opportunities to experience the body armoring and the following release of energy, emotions and memories that are constricted. Here is a unique opportunity for you to spend some time getting to know yourself and your history in the rare environment of a brotherhood of men. Come and join us in this exciting adventure.

Dates: Nov. 29-Dec. 2, 1991,
Feb 7-10, Aug. 14-17, Nov.
13-16, 1992.

Cost: \$425.00 (incl. room & board)

Location: PD Seminars on
Gabriola Island

For more information call:
PD Seminars, 604-247-9211.

Two Books on Masculine Archetypes

A Review and a Point of View

Gervase Bushe

Jean Shinoda Bolen. *Gods in Everyman: A New Psychology of Men's Lives and Loves*. New York: Harper & Row, 1989.

Robert Moore & Douglas Gillette. *King, Warrior, Magician, Lover: Rediscovering the Archetypes of the Mature Masculine*. New York: Harper, San Francisco, 1990.

"When life feels meaningless and stale, or when something feels fundamentally wrong about how you are living and what you are doing, you can help yourself by becoming aware of discrepancies between the archetypes within you and your visible roles. Men are often caught between the inner world of archetypes and the outer world of stereotypes. Archetypes are powerful predispositions; garbed in the image of mythology of Greek gods, as I have described them in this book, each has characteristic drives, emotions and needs that shape personality. When you enact a role that is connected to an active archetype within you, energy is generated through the depth and meaning that the role has for you."

"Archetypes are pre-existent, or latent, internally determined patterns of being and behaving, or perceiving and responding. These patterns are contained in the collective unconscious —

that part of the unconscious that is not individual, but universal or shared. These patterns can be described in a personalized way, as gods or goddesses; their myths are archetypal stories.... As archetypal figures, the gods are like anything generic: they describe the basic structure of this part of a man (or a woman, for god archetypes are often active woman's [sic.] psyches as well). This basic structure is 'clothed' or 'fleshed out' or 'detailed' by the individual man...."

Jean Shinoda Bolen

Coming on the heels of her very popular *Goddesses in Everywoman*, Bolen uses a similar, but not identical, recipe in an attempt to identify enduring patterns of joy, conflict and sorrow in men's lives. Like *Goddesses in Everywoman*, Bolen uses the pantheon of Greek deities as the basis for a set of personality blueprints. So we meet the "Zeus" man, the "Apollo" man, the "Dionysus" man and so on. In all, eight different masculine personalities are described. Each god gets his own chapter, in which that god's main stories are recounted, the archetypal qualities of each god are extracted and the characteristic life patterns of the man governed by that god are described. Bolen also describes psychological problems commonly created by each god, difficulties others experience when dealing with men

governed by each god and the pathways to growth best suited to each temperament. Bolen's writing is lively and inviting. In this book she provides us with a popularly written almanac to the Greek gods and their universal, archetypal qualities. Her portrayals of characteristic male behaviours are familiar and her treatment of the positive and negative aspects of each "temperament" are generally balanced and fair. Men are sure to find themselves, warts and all, in one or more chapters of this book.

Though entertaining and insightful, readers should be aware that Bolen's books are the thinnest sort of archetypal psychology. While the first two chapters pay homage to the archetypal theories of Carl Jung, the rest reads more like personality theory; an opportunity to figure out what "type" one is, a new set of boxes to get boxed in. Her few warnings not to do this are contradicted by the tone of the text itself and such things as listing prominent figures to exemplify each type. She asserts that each man is a unique mixture of aspects of different gods, but doesn't explore the ways in which these various archetypes interpenetrate and influence each another within the psyche of one man. Bolen does not tell us how many gods we're likely to find operating in

Continued next page

Masculine Archetypes *(Continued)*

the unconscious of any particular man, but it is clear she expects one to dominate, a few others to round out the edges and some to be inactive.

Most damaging, from an archetypal perspective, is the clear sense one gets that Bolen's task is to identify the pathologies in archetypal patterns so they can be directed and governed by the conscious ego. Her consistent, implicit message concerns how a man can shape, mould and/or defeat the urging of the gods in order to live more comfortably and more "correctly" within society. But is that what archetypal psychology is about? And is that the purpose to which we should put exploration of the characters who inhabit the psyche?

"No" is the resounding answer we'd expect from leaders of the mythopoetic men's movement, like James Hillman and Robert Bly. The purpose of exploring one's archetypal forces is to come into alignment with them, to give them the opportunities for expression they crave which are often at odds with what we expect from a "good boy" or, for that matter, a "good girl." Archetypal psychology is at its best when it begins with the assumption that what we call "pathology" is the song of the soul and the path to soul-making. Mortal men do not have much control over gods, no matter how much the "heroic ego" would like to pretend so. Helping the

conscious ego gain greater control over unconscious impulses and urges is the purpose of much that passes for contemporary therapy. Helping the soul fully manifest through developing right relationship of the ego to the sacred is what archetypal psychology should be about.

In mythopoetic men's work the point is not to "fix" people. It is to provide meaning-fullness to the wounds and disfigurements of life. Hillman (1974) could well have been critiquing *Gods in Everyman* when he wrote "...the chief danger lies in taking myths literally even as we aim at taking syndromes mythically. For if we go about [this] as a simple act of matching, setting out with the practical intellect of the therapist to equate mythemes with syndromes, we have reduced archetypes to allegories of disease; we have merely coined a new language, a new nominalism. The Gods become merely a new (or old) grid of classificatory terms....This is the diagnostic perspective rather than the mythical, and we are not looking for a new way to classify psychopathology but for a new way of experiencing it." (p.101)

If Bolen's only sin was providing a clinical psychology of men under the guise of a mythic perspective, I could easily recommend the book as an interesting look at the male condition. Where *Gods in Everyman* diverges from Bolen's

book on goddesses is in the emphasis she places on "patriarch" in patterning masculine behaviour. Here is where I have the most difficulty with her book. I appreciate Bolen's sensitivity to the many ways in which men are victims of prevailing social roles, but I find her assumptions about "patriarchy" and the related points about father-son relationships deeply troubling.

Her description of patriarchy is the noxious, overly dominant, selfishly competitive, hierarchical, win/lose scenario we've all come to hate. I have no doubt the set of affairs commonly labelled "patriarchy" does exist and deserves not to. What troubles me is that Bolen identifies the masculine gods of Greece, and, therefore, the archetypal masculine itself, as the source of patriarchy. The implication is that "patriarchy" comes from what is essentially masculine. Where does this leave men who want to live as men, in non-patriarchal ways? As we'll see below, Robert Moore and Douglas Gillette provide an answer. Bolen does not.

She then goes on to suggest that endemic to patriarchy, to the essential masculine, is hostility by fathers toward their sons. Recently, a number of Jungians have refuted the Freudian notion that boys are out to get their fathers. Bolen's clinical evidence persuades her that

Continued next page

Masculine Archetypes *(Continued)*

fathers, as a lot, are out to get their sons, but her evidence is based on the analysis of sons — not fathers. She has taken the mytheme playing out in the unconscious of a generation of men who had no relation with the father, the mytheme of the “bad father,” as a deep archetypal pattern in the masculine itself. She does not consider, as do Bly, Corneau, Keen or Pedersen, that the fact of the absent father and its effects on men has a socio-economic, not a psychological, cause; that it is a distortion of the masculine, not an outcome of its essential nature.

All in all, Moore and Gillette’s book, *King, Warrior, Magician, Lover* is satisfying for the exact reasons that Bolen’s book is not. They generally remain true to an archetypal perspective. They deal with the same masculine patterns as Bolen, but in a way that frees rather than boxes in. And, they show that “patriarchy” is actually a misnomer — “puerarchy”, the rule of boys, is a more appropriate name for the patterns of negative social behaviour that Bolen and others equate with masculinity. Popularly written by an eminent scholar (Robert Moore has seven degrees, is on the faculty of the University of Chicago and is on the teaching staff of the Jung Institute in Chicago), this book lays out the results of 16 years of research into the deep structure of the masculine self.

Building on Jung’s observation of the quadrated self, Moore and Gillette have studied the world’s mythologies and the psyches of modern men to uncover the core, archetypal forces that shape their lives. The result is a theory that celebrates the true masculine, that uplifts and empowers men and that gives each individual a unique road map for personal growth and development.

One of Moore’s ideas that I have found so useful is that each of the four archetypes has a “boy” and a “man” aspect. What’s appropriate in a boy is not appropriate in a man, so the adult still under the sway of an immature archetype is a dangerous person. The fact of the matter is that our society, with its decaying families and lack of rituals for initiating men, grows few truly mature men. Thus the qualities that men-haters of both genders point to when reviling men are really boy qualities inappropriately acted out in an adult male body. There are lots of 40-year-old boys walking around.

For example, take the King archetype: the boy version of the King is the “divine child.” The divine child wishes to be seen and admired. He wants to be the centre of attention, the golden one, the one others serve. That’s fine in a boy — healthy in fact. The problem comes when you have an adult male who has not developed the

healthy connection to the King inside and is still acting under the influence of the divine child. The mature King is there to serve others, to put the interests of the realm ahead of his own, to admire and praise others. When others are in the presence of the King, they feel bigger, more potent, more able to go out and accomplish. When others are in the presence of the Shadow King (an adult male still acting from the divine child) they feel smaller, less potent, less able. In the presence of the Boy King their job is to admire him, to praise him, to put his interests ahead of all others. So much emphasis is placed on leadership in organizations and society today because too many of our institutions are run by Boy Kings (or warriors who have no king — but that’s a different problem) who demand that others admire them, that they be better than all others.

Anyone who has worked for a person operating out of the mature King, a man who holds the interest of the whole ahead of his own and who praises and empowers others, knows how much better they work when they’re led by men in healthy contact with the King. This doesn’t only apply to work. The same is true at home. A boy needs a father who is operating out of King energy. A boy whose father must always be better than the boy, beat him at competitions, hold standards

Continued next page

Masculine Archetypes (Continued)

that the boy cannot meet, will be a wounded boy.

So Bolen is wrong. Fathers don't hate their sons. Boy Kings wound their sons. The negative social conditions that she equates with the essential masculine are those we have gotten because there are too many uninitiated boys (men) wanting to control things. The social conditions we call patriarchy should be called puerarchy and we must recognize that puerarchy is just as debilitating and oppressive for men as it is for women. It's the boy warrior (so often the hero in our movies) who wants to fight others for his own glorification. It's the boy magician who cuts off his emotions and connections to others. It is the boy lover who objectifies women and unconsciously seeks to mate with his mother.

When we tap into the mature masculine we find depth and beauty, a reverence for life, a desire to protect and enable, a capacity to listen and nurture, a yearning for heartfelt connection with others and a deep respect for the feminine. Moore and Gillette never say what the essential difference between a boy and a man is, but out of their work I have come to this conclusion: a man has a purpose larger than himself; a boy's only purpose is himself. That larger purpose might be a family, an idea, a body of work or something that he is compelled to create. A boy,

however, is only concerned with his own status, power, income, comfort or success. Society was enriched in the 70's when we stopped calling women girls and gave them a larger arena within which to exercise power. Maybe society would be enriched in the 90's if we stopped calling older boys men and let them have less space for their infantile grandiosity.

Moore does not tell us how to mould, shape or rearrange the deep archetypal forces in us. Rather, he counsels us to develop a healthy connection to them. Too much connection leads to overidentification, inflation and possession — a dangerous state of affairs; too little leads to lost potentials, a certain flatness and problems of balance among the archetypes. For example, a person with a strong connection to the lover who does not also have a connection to the warrior is likely to be too easily addicted and unable to find the inner strength to break the addiction.

Read *King, Warrior, Magician, Lover*. Get hold of Moore's tapes from the Jung Institute in Chicago (he's even more interesting to listen to). Come and spend a weekend with him in Vancouver at the end of November. If you are looking for a visionary understanding about what being a man is about, you won't be disappointed.

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Gentle Warrior Training

with Kajedo Wanderer of the Findhorn Foundation in Scotland.

Using Shamanistic, Taoist Tai Chi, Buddhist and Christian approaches, this training is suitable "for all those who are prepared to stop running from what they fear and begin chasing after that which they desire."

Dates: Oct. 4, 5, 6.

Location: Inner Garden Activity Centre, 535 W. 10th Ave., Vancouver.

Information: Anna, 263-4992.

First rays

*pass silently through upper limbs turning shades of grey to green,
leaves exposed on upper faces warm, and the boreal giant stirs.*

The great cedar gasps, pores opening as the sun climbs into its lofty crown.

Gnarled roots sip the soil and life-bearing water is carried

*impossibly upward
through bark, rough,
furrowed and weathered,
to soft graceful branches*

that harbour animals still sleeping.

Cedar

*tall and independent,
standing apart, yet not alone,
nature's obelisk surrounded by brothers in their thousands,
indomitable and able to withstand centuries.*

A man

*comes to stand alone,
looking up.*

Awed

*by beauty and majesty,
so simple and complex,
witness to primordial mystery and ancient truths,
there,
stillness finds
him.*

He turns

*carrying the beauty within his heart
back
to others.*

Terry Keenhan

Men In Mid-life Transition

Action Research Project —
Vancouver Area

I'm moving towards completion of my MA in Applied Behavioural Sciences at the Leadership Institute of Seattle. An important part of this experiential program is an Action Research Project focussed on the needs of each individual participant.

My intention is to work with a group of men in their mid-life transition, a state of existence I have first-hand knowledge of! If you live in the Lower Mainland, are at this stage of your life and want to work on issues that are critical to you at this time, call John Leach for more information at: 224-1471 (eve.); 222-5505, ext. 400 (days). There will be no charge to participate in this project.

A Participation Opportunity

The Vancouver Society For Male Survivors Of Sexual Abuse — a non-profit society — needs two or three men with energy and skill who are willing to serve as board members or volunteers to help with fund-raising and legal advice. This does not require a lot of time but does need ongoing interest and energy. Our society is functioning well but needs help in these areas now.

For more information, please call Les Leader at 222-1116.

Drumming, Storytelling, Poetry Group

Forming in September

Please call Stephen at 736-3249 for details.

Submissions Deadline

Deadline for submissions for the next issue of *Thunder Stick* is **November 15, 1991**.

Publication date for the next issue is **January 15, 1991**.

Ad Rates for Camera Ready ads

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Vancouver M.E.N. presents

JAMES HILLMAN The Feeling of Myth • Fri., Sept. 27 8 p.m. *Mythology in an age of psychology* AN EVENING TALK FOR MEN & WOMEN

Hamber School Auditorium, 5025 Willow St., Vancouver • tickets \$15 from Banyen Sound 2669 W. Broadway, Vanc.



JAMES HILLMAN • DEBRA McCALL Myths & Bodies

Saturday, Sept. 28 9:30 a.m. - 5:30 p.m. • Sunday, Sept. 29 9:30 a.m. - 4 p.m.
A WEEKEND WORKSHOP FOR MEN & WOMEN

Graduate Student Centre, UBC • Fee: \$200 • Limited enrollment. Early registration recommended.
Send \$50 deposit to Vancouver M.E.N. 3392 West 34th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C. V6N 2K6

Michael Meade & Robert Moore

in Vancouver November 15-16-17

The King & Queen in Psychology & Myth

-AN EVENING FOR MEN AND WOMEN

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15

John Oliver Auditorium (41st & Fraser) 8 p.m. \$15

Tickets: Banyen Sound, Phoenix Metaphysical Books, Reflections Books, The Serenity Shop, Whitby's Bookstore

This evening presentation will focus on the great images of the feminine and the masculine in their fullness as Queen & King. Through story and discussion, Meade and Moore will examine how individual and community life are shaped by these potent archetypes and damaged by their absence.



MICHAEL MEADE

Mythologist, storyteller, drummer, Michael Meade is one of the principle forces behind the explosion of men's work in North America today.

"One of the greatest teachers of men in the United States."
- Robert Bly



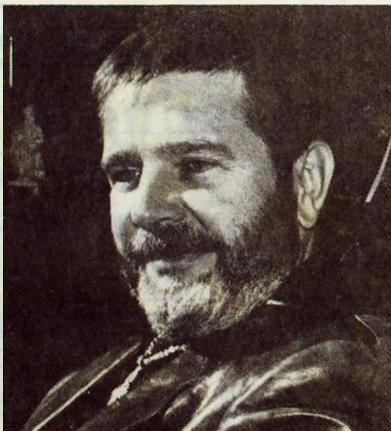
INITIATION & IMAGINATION: Mythological & Psychological Approaches to Manhood

-A WEEKEND FOR MEN
SATURDAY & SUNDAY, NOV. 16 & 17

UBC S.U.B. Ballroom 9:30-5 \$200 *Tickets: Vanc. M.E.N.*

Seeking initiation shapes a man.

Each initiation requires a certain readiness on the part of the individual, a mentor to open the "doors of perception:", & a community to re-integrate the seeker. The ordeals & losses encountered break the spells of naivete, violence & passivity. Using stories, discussions, poetry & drum, we will approach the gates of ancient male meaning with an eye towards archetypal figures & an ear tuned to the resonating heart.



ROBERT MOORE

Jungian analyst, co-author of *King, Warrior, Magician, Lover*, and professor of psychology and religion at Chicago Theological Seminary, Robert Moore brings a well-honed intellect and great compassion to this work. We welcome his first visit to Vancouver. He regularly leads Men's retreats with Robert Bly & Michael Meade.

FOR MORE INFORMATION AND WEEKEND TICKETS, CONTACT:

VANCOUVER M.E.N., 3392 W. 34th Ave., VANCOUVER, B.C. V6N 2K6

OR (604) 290-9988. (Limited scholarships available)

VANCOUVER MEN'S EVOLVEMENT NETWORK IS A NON-PROFIT SOCIETY.